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**FEMALE SERVANTS IN LARGE CITIES.**  
In every large city there is a vast number of female domestic servants, who, speaking generally, may be described as a class existing in a very unsatisfactory condition. Many women, we readily allow, pass through life very respectably in this useful station, or rise from it into humble but honourable matronhood. But of the class at large we must express our conviction, that they are neither morally nor intellectually in the condition in which it is desirable that they should be, and that there is not in existing circumstances any thing that holds forth a hope of their being speedily made much better than they are.

In general, female servants employed in large cities are the children of artizans, labourers, and other persons in straitened and humble circumstances. They are rarely educated to any considerable extent. It is a state of utter ignorance, scarcely knowing even the servile duties which it is to be the business of their life to perform, they are transferred, without rudder or compass, from home to a scene in which they may soon, no doubt, acquire some knowledge of household work, but where their general ignorance is not in the least diminished, while, so far from being guarded from moral impurity, they are exposed to every temptation which can beset an inexperienced female. In such circumstances it surely is not wonderful that female domestics so often give dissatisfaction to their employers, and so often by imprudence bring about their own misery and ruin.

The consequences of their ignorance and want of all proper moral training and protection are conspicuously visible in their relations towards the opposite sex. If young, and possessing tolerably good looks, they are apt to be courted with a view to matrimony by persons of their own rank, and with less honourable views—we grieve to say—by men in a higher station. In either case, there is much danger for these simple girls. A suitor of the former class may be extremely poor, may be addicted to habits altogether inconsistent with a wife's happiness, may possess every quality which goes to the making up of what is called a bad character; yet, if he be not personally objectionable, a young female of this class will scarcely fail to lend a willing ear to his addresses. A recommendation from an individual of credit who knows the suitor does not seem to be considered necessary. She will have allowed her affections to become engaged by him before she knows a single fact in his circumstances, or a single feature of his character; and, probably, when she is informed of all, she will passively allow the affair to go on, under an impression that it is her destiny to marry this man, and that she cannot draw back though she were willing. Females of this class, as might be expected from their education, are believers in fortune-telling, destiny, luck, and other superstitions embodied in almost every other department of the community. We have known some who appeared to possess rather vigorous understandings, and were in general good and well-behaved servants, who, nevertheless, when courted by persons altogether unworthy of them, could not resist taking the irrevocable step of marriage, from a belief that it was vain to struggle with their fate—as if there had been any thing concerned in the matter but their own perverse will. If there is little caution in accepting the addresses of lovers, there is as little delicacy. Even while appearing to favour one particular lover, no woman of this class ever manifests any objection to the visits of a few others. It seems to be considered as a fair theme of boasting, that they have more lovers than one. This strikes a more refined mind, in the first place, as indecent; but it is worse—it is immoral, and it is

dangerous. Their alliances, when at last effected, are generally found to have been entered upon without any of those calculations which prudence points out as necessary. Altogether forgetting the misery which like circumstances have in numberless cases produced, they shut their eyes in the superstitious assurance that they will surely be provided for in *some way or other*, and that no mouths will be added to their family without also some addition of food; and then run on blindfold into a condition in which they will be poor and unhappy all their days, and moreover be the occasion of other human beings becoming so likewise. How many squalid apartments in the suburbs of large cities are filled with mourning, vice, and wretchedness, in consequence of the utter want of foresight in the class who are the subject of the present paper!

The evils flowing from their allowing of dishonourable addresses are more direct, and still more to be deplored. It is the lot of few to have been put on their guard against such addresses. In their present circumstances they are not protected from them. The levity of natural good spirits, the desire of being admired, and perhaps vague hopes of being elevated to the condition of their mistresses, serve to make them delight in what they should fly from as an insult and a dishonour. We are so much accustomed to see poor girls of this class sacrificed to the passions of men in a superior walk of life, that we scarcely can imagine a different system of things. Yet surely these girls would not fall in so many instances, if they were better educated and less neglected. Were they not so ignorant as they are of the world, they could never believe that *gentlemen* were sincere in their disgraceful addresses. With more enlightened minds, they could never manifest such levity or such vanity as are necessary to draw them into these infamous toils. With a cultivated foresight, they could never, except under extraordinary temptation, allow themselves to enter a course so sure to lead to every misery. As for the individuals—and they are many—who play upon the ignorance and weakness of these girls, this is not the proper opportunity of advertizing to their guilt; but we cannot pass from the subject without intimating our surprise, that men who, in the open world, would scorn to take any mean advantages—to shoot a sitting bird, for instance, or cheat an unsuspecting companion—should consider themselves at liberty to take so gross an advantage of a class of fellow-creatures obviously unfit by nature or circumstances for protecting their own interests. Were such men asked to judge of some poor vagrant, who, in the extremity of want, had wiled a child into a solitary place, and gone through a mockery of purchasing from it, for a few sweetmeats, the clothes with which its parents had adorned it, they would have little hesitation in assigning a severe punishment to the delinquent; yet how much fairer are the temptations which they offer to these poor girls?

One of the most frequent subjects of complaint respecting female servants, is their fickleness with reference to situations. Some, though comparatively fortunate in their choice of a place, either not knowing that they are so, or from a restless desire of change, cannot remain in it above a few months, but must be ever shifting about from place to place, as if in search of some imaginary good which is not to be found on earth. It is obvious, that, while such fickleness is apt to produce great inconvenience to employers, it must also be extremely disadvantageous for the servants themselves. No such woman can ever acquire the friendly regard of any family; she can never be cared for by any person above her own condition for

anything but her immediate usefulness. Consequently, if she advances into years as a servant, or chances to marry, she will enjoy no benefit whatever from her connection with the individuals she has served; all her early life will have been spent in simply providing for her immediate wants. Nor does she thus forfeit only the solid or tangible benefits which she might derive from the friendship of a former master or mistress, but also something perhaps still better, in the elevating consciousness of being regarded with affection and esteem by persons of superior education and circumstances. Here also, we think, the want of an enlightened mind is very conspicuous. If female servants were in general better acquainted with the world, they could not fail to know that time is necessary to form reputation, and also to ripen both affection and esteem. They would perceive that, while servants remain only half a year, or a year, in a situation, no single employer can ever form a high or confident opinion with respect to any of their qualifications, neither manifest towards them the slightest feeling of attachment. It is much to be lamented that, in large cities especially, female servants change their places so frequently, for the relation of a servant to her master and mistress becomes in time one in which many fine feelings are interested. One who has long been in a family becomes at length a part of it; the children have known her from their earliest years, and look upon her as a kind of second mother; the chiefs of the household like her not only for her excellent conduct and faithful services, but from her association in their minds with the memories of their earlier married years, the growth of their children, and all the sunshiny parts of their life; all the regular visitors of the family think it necessary to recognise her as an old acquaintance, and kindly inquire for her welfare. An old servant, in fact, ceases to be a servant—she becomes a friend of the family. The friendship which they excite has been testified by masters of the highest rank. In Windsor there is a monument, with a very affectionate epitaph, which George III. caused to be placed over the remains of a female servant who had long been in his family.

Liable, as a matter of course, to all the ordinary faults of human nature, female servants, though in many cases remarkably conscientious, are also often found to be otherwise. As a class, we bring no charge against them, for nothing could be more unjust. But it will not be denied that many servants are deficient in conscientiousness. With every desire to touch lightly on such a subject, lest, in aiming at the guilty, we may wound the feelings of the innocent, we cannot refrain from saying, that mistresses often complain of their domestics on this account, and that it is greatly desirable that these complaints should be less frequent. We have sometimes known servants who are strictly honest with reference to money and the ordinary kinds of food, but who thought themselves at liberty to appropriate certain articles, particularly tea and liquors, when they chanced to be left exposed. No circumstance could be more characteristic of an imperfect morality—a morality in which the individual, as it were, takes the matter into his own hand, and makes out that only to be very bad which he does not feel much tempted to do, and excuses every thing which he feels strongly inclined to. There is still another kind of dishonesty on which very oblique notions are entertained—we allude to the too prevalent habit of wasting. This is either an active or a passive vice. It sometimes consists in actually destroying, or consuming, or giving away wastefully, and sometimes in not taking care to preserve things from waste. How unworthy a vice is this! How impossible to have any respect for one's

self, if we allow ourselves clandestinely to waste the property of others entrusted to us! But servants are not alone liable to this fault. Persons in the condition of masters and mistresses are very apt, when not strictly under observation, to betray a lamentable want of nice conscientiousness with reference to property exposed to their tender mercies. In walking through public or private grounds, how few are above the paltry meanness of appropriating trifles, or committing slight damages and trespasses! In inns, how few are disposed to treat the things placed before them with that strict care which they pay to like things of their own at home!

We have now pointed out some of those peculiarities in the character and condition of female servants which appear to us to be chiefly instrumental in leading to their own misery. If what has been said serves to awaken a few individuals of the class to the dangers which beset them, a certain degree of good will have been accomplished. But all that a single lecturer can do must needs be little. It is obvious that, as a class, female servants are brought into exposed situations in life, without the means, in knowledge and correct and well-established habits, of guiding themselves aright; that they consequently act, in many instances, with all that imprudence which is to be expected from ignorant and untrained persons when exposed to temptation; and that, amidst all the machinery which exists for promoting the improvement of society, there is scarcely any which can be said to bear upon them. Schools—the pulpit—the press—how little do any of these avail in fitting this large class of persons for their duties, or for saving them from error and misery! We believe we shall have accomplished a better purpose if we stimulate a few individuals in influential stations to give the subject their consideration, and endeavour to promote its agitation as one of the parts of our social system which need improvement.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

##### THEORY OF THE EARTH.—FIRST ARTICLE.

[The present will be followed by other two articles on the same subject, the composition of a young individual, who, in a rural situation in Perthshire, has devoted his leisure to the study of geology. Having long ago endeavoured to divert the attention of young rural persons of talents from the useless art of verse-making, which so often engages it, to the cultivation of science, we have much pleasure in laying before our readers so respectable a sample of what active faculties may achieve, in such circumstances, even one of the less accessible of the fields of knowledge.]

By the term Theory of the Earth is generally understood a knowledge of the various causes which, from time to time, have given rise to geological appearances, such as rocks, strata, mountains, valleys, &c.; or, in other words, a knowledge of the changes of the earth's surface—of those alterations which are taking place before our eyes, and the mighty revolutions which have rendered so interesting the records of indefinite time. In endeavouring to lay before the reader such a view of this subject as our limits will permit, we would first notice some of the many opinions which from time to time have been entertained with regard to the formation of the crust of the earth.

A numerous class have been of opinion, and some still maintain, that investigations connected with the origin of geological appearances are unnecessary, since these may have been the immediate result of the creative fiat of the Almighty. But it is altogether manifest, that, had such been the origin of geological appearances, they would bear no marks of the operation of causes. If the reader does not see in different layers of rocks, and in the nature of the composition of rocks, sufficient reason for referring them to natural causes, he cannot look upon the beds of rounded stones which are observable in every group of rocks—much less can he behold the myriads of animal and vegetable remains which stare him in the face in almost every place where the solid interior of the earth is exposed—without being convinced that, whatever divine agency may at first have been exerted in impressing laws on the physical world, the various appearances of the earth's crust must have been the effect of second causes—of causes requiring time for their operation.

Some have fancied that geological appearances can be accounted for by supposing them to have been the result of the general deluge (the term generally given to the flood recorded in scripture). This explanation has not been resorted to by any geologists whose opinions deserve regard. All eminent geologists are now convinced that no flood, however large and violent, would have been adequate to give rise to observable

appearances. They see it is impossible to account for the appearance of stratification, or layers of rocks placed one above another, by the supposition of a deluge; and they are equally at a loss to reconcile with the diluvial theory the universally known fact, of an entire difference in character of many formations, or series of rocks.

##### WERNERIAN AND HUTTONIAN THEORIES.

The two most plausible explanations of geological appearances which have been advanced (excepting the theory of Identity of Ancient and Modern Causes, about to be adverted to) are what are termed the Wernerian and Huttonian theories.

The Wernerian theory was at first given to the world in an unintelligible form, and it has since gone through so many editions, that it is not easy to define it. It refers all the materials of which the crust of the earth is composed, to a period during which the globe was entirely enveloped by the sea. It supposes that this universal ocean held in suspension the component parts of rocks, which, being deposited, successively produced what Wernerians term primary, transition, secondary, and tertiary formations. It next supposes that the watery envelope gradually subsided, till at last the dry land appeared above the surface of the water. This theory would lead us to expect that the heaviest materials would occur farthest down in the earth's crust, which is true, generally speaking—but such is not the case in every instance. This, along with many other objections which our limits will not permit us to state, render the theory untenable.

Dr James Hutton supposed that a system of universal waste, decay, and renovation, is continually going on. Mountains and rocks are worn down by the elements, and deposited at the bottom of the ocean, where they are acted upon by submarine heat, and thus rendered solid. They are then thrown up above the surface of the deep by extraordinary subterranean forces. This eminent geologist supposed that, when the ruins of old continents formed sufficient materials for new ones, they were suddenly upheaved by violent paroxysmal convulsions. The chief defects of the Huttonian theory, are, the undue power ascribed to submarine heat, and the supposed sudden elevation of continents.

##### DOCTRINE OF IDENTITY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN CAUSES.

A new theory has recently been framed, which adheres to the leading principles of the Huttonian theory, with the exception of the defects already stated. In order to explain geological appearances, it has recourse to the only means by which we are able to arrive at any thing like a proper knowledge of the former condition of the earth, namely, to operations now in progress. That the laws of the physical world have continued unaltered, or, that former changes of the earth's surface were brought about by causes identical in nature with those at present in operation, is now admitted by most enlightened geologists. In the seventeenth century, when philosophers were filling space with primus mobiles and whirlpools, in order to explain celestial movements, the fall of an apple from a tree suggested to the immortal Newton a few fixed principles by which he accounted for them all. After geologists had long exhausted their ingenuity in useless speculations, and in filling up the annals of bygone ages with frightful convulsions and enormous deluges, the murmur of a passing stream, and the belching of a volcano, suggested to the illustrious Lyle a few perpetual laws by which he has explained nearly all geological appearances.

The truth of the doctrine of identity of ancient and modern causes, would never, perhaps, have been doubted, were it not, on the one hand, for that disposition to generalise beyond foundation which characterises so many; and, on the other, for those prejudices which arise from the relation in which man is situated with regard to the operations of nature, and to the extent of time. Man is an inhabitant of the land, confined to the earth's surface, and generally lives in regions removed from volcanoes and earthquakes. We need not, then, so much wonder though he should be slow to believe that present-existing causes are sufficient to account for former geological changes—seeing that he is not an immediate spectator of either oceanic, subterranean, or igneous agency. Farther, he is but the creature of a day. Comparatively speaking, the period of his existence is but the most insignificant point of time! During the few years of his life, he may not be able to perceive any material amount of geological change taking place. But that there is change, no one will deny.

It is manifest that the least possible amount of change would, in course of time, effect the mightiest result. Rivers are continually wearing down continents, but though only a grain of sand were conveyed to the sea in the course of a year, the time would arrive when our continents would disappear under the surface of the deep (if the present system endured).

Though the period requisite for the production of a square inch of the crust of the earth had been a thousand years, there would have been time enough for the formation of all the rocks in existence.

That, in the economy of the world, extent of time compensates for want of magnitude and intensity, is a fundamental principle of geology. There is nothing objectionable in the idea, that geological appearances, instead of having been produced by great and violent causes, of short continuance, are the result of causes of little magnitude and intensity, of long continuance. Is not the continuance of a cause as capable of giving rise to appearances as the extent of a cause?

We have spoken thus particularly with regard to the doctrine of identity of ancient and modern causes, because we conceived it necessary to fit the mind of the reader for the understanding of what is to follow, regarding the different agencies of geological formation.

Water and fire would appear to be chiefly instrumental in developing the scheme of terrestrial nature. The effect of water is to degrade or lower, and that of fire to elevate, the earth's surface. We would first notice degrading or aqueous agency. The ocean is the origin of all degrading influence. Not content (if we may so speak) with the direct action of its tides and currents upon coasts, it sends up to the atmospheric clouds of vapour which, condensing, descend upon the surface of the land in the shape of rain, snow, &c., and there give rise to springs, which in their turn give rise to rivers, which wash down the dry land into the "yawning and never satisfied deep!" So far the ocean exercises dominion over the earth's surface. But when igneous agency commences operations, the ocean is compelled to restore the materials which it before had swallowed, in the shape of continents and islands.

##### DEGRADING AGENCY.

Degrading agency may be considered under three heads—meteoric, fluviatile, and oceanic; or the action of the atmosphere, running water, and the sea.

All rocks have a tendency to combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere; and they likewise absorb carbonic acid and water in considerable quantities. Thus, the cohesion between their particles is loosened, and a tendency to disintegration produced. Every drop of rain that falls becomes an instrument in the hands of nature for the destruction of the land. The particles of rocks are washed into streams, by streams they are conveyed into rivers, and by rivers they are hurried to the depths of the ocean. The amount of waste effected by the atmosphere is greater than at first consideration might be conceived. In various parts of Sweden it has worn holes through granite boulders, large enough to admit a cart and horse.

The destructive power of running water is greater than is apt to be imagined. It is true that the altitudes of many lands have continued almost unaltered since the earliest periods; but it is evident from facts, that rivers have, during the long lapse of ages, lowered the surface of the earth to a great extent. The Nejdabu, a river of India, has scooped out a channel in basaltic rock, 100 feet deep. The river Mosel has worn a channel in solid rock to the enormous depth of 600 feet. Messrs Sedgwick and Murchison give an account of gorges scooped out in beds of the rock called conglomerate, in the valleys of the Eastern Alps, 600 or 700 feet deep. A stream of lava, which was vomited from Etna in 1603, happened to flow across the channel of the river Simeto. Since the time the stream has cut a passage through the compact rock to the depth of between 40 and 50 feet, and to the breadth of between 50 and several hundred feet. The cataract of Niagara, in North America, has receded nearly 50 yards during the last forty years. Below the Falls, the river flows in a channel upwards of 150 feet deep, and 160 yards wide, for a distance of seven miles; and this channel has manifestly been produced by the action of the river.

Sometimes, during floods, rivers produce great changes in very short periods. A flood caused by the bursting of the barrier of a lake in the valley of Bagne, Switzerland, moved at first with the tremendous velocity of 33 feet per second. From the barrier burst by the waters to Lake Geneva, there is a fall of 4187 Paris feet; the distance is 45 miles; and the water flowed over all this space in five hours and a half. It carried along houses, bridges, and trees; and masses of rock equal in size to houses, were transported a quarter of a mile down the valley.

The destructive power of rivers is, owing to greater velocity, more in the upper than in the lower part of a river's course. The want of velocity, however, in low and level countries, is often compensated by the unevenness of a river's course. When a river, at the entrance of a plain, in which the process of erosion has advanced, strikes against a bank, a steep cliff is soon formed, which turns off the water in another direction. The water then strikes against another bank, which in its turn turns off the water in an opposite direction; and so forth.

The cause of the formation of valleys is a subject concerning which there has been much disputation. By some they are referred to the elevation and subsidence of continents. There can be no doubt, that, when our continents were uplifted above the surface of the sea, they did not present a surface unbroken by inequalities; and there can be as little doubt that subsequent subsidence would be productive of additional inequalities. There are many depressions referrible to no other causes than these, such as those enclosed by

high barriers on all sides. But it is at variance with fact to say that valleys were chiefly produced by such causes. All eminent geologists are now agreed that valleys chiefly owe their existence to the erosive action of rivers and other land streams. The facts which render this obvious are so numerous, that here we can only advert to a few of them. In almost every valley we find either a stream of water, or evidences of its existence at some period. The size of a valley is generally proportioned to the magnitude of the stream which flows through it. If we observe a declivity of soft and yielding sand or earth immediately after a heavy fall of rain, we cannot fail to perceive a very striking resemblance between the little furrows which have been run away and the face of a tract of country broken by inequalities. The facts which we have noticed relative to the erosive action of rivers, must be regarded as strong evidences of valleys having been formed by the action of rivers.

The matter carried down by rivers is often deposited at their sides, when it constitutes what is called alluvial land. Sometimes it is deposited at the bottom of lakes, when it forms what are termed lacustrine deposits. In many instances it has been deposited in large quantities at the mouths of rivers, giving rise to what are denominated deltas. Deltas are so called on account of their resembling the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet. The triangular form of a delta is produced by the river, at a certain point inland, dividing itself into two streams which gradually diverge till they reach the ocean, enclosing the space which constitutes the delta. As an instance of the great amount of new land formed at the mouths of rivers, we may mention that the delta of the Ganges is 220 miles in one direction by 200 in another. The lower part of this delta, a wilderness inhabited by tigers and crocodiles, is as large as the principality of Wales!

The matter carried down by rivers, and thus deposited, however, is nothing in amount compared to that transported to the ocean. The quantity of sand and mud brought down by the Ganges to the Bay of Bengal is, in the flood season, so great, that the sea is discoloured with it 60 miles from the river's mouth. According to Mr Lyle, the quantity of solid matter brought down by this river every day, is equal in bulk to the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids. According to Captain Sabine, the muddy waters of the Amazon river may be distinguished 300 miles from its mouth.

The land is not only subject to decay and degradation from the action of land streams, but likewise from the ocean as it dashes against its coasts. Whole islands have been destroyed by the action of tides and oceanic currents, while the remains of others rise above the surface of the water, like the ruins of some overwhelmed city. In looking upon a map of the world, it cannot but appear obvious, that, to a certain extent, the line of coast of every continent and island has been formed by the erosive action of the sea. There are many islands which, from their elevated position, and the low situation of the country at each end, appear to have been produced by oceanic action, during a period when the sea enveloped the present dry land.

Many instances of the encroachment of the sea upon the land might be noticed, but our limits will only permit us to advert to a few. An inn on the coast of Norfolk, built in 1805, then 70 yards from the sea, was, in 1829, separated from the coast by only a small garden. A church on the coast of Kent, which, in the reign of Henry VIII., was a mile inland, is now only about 60 yards from the water's edge. The island of Nordstrand, on the coast of Schleswig, was, in the thirteenth century, 50 miles long and 35 broad. About the end of the sixteenth century, it was reduced to an area of only 20 miles in circumference. The inhabitants erected lofty dykes for the purpose of saving their territories; but in the year 1624, a storm devastated the whole island, by which 1340 human beings and 50,000 head of cattle perished. Three very small islets are all that now remain to point out the place where once flourished the fertile and populous island of Nordstrand. It is an old notion that Great Britain was once united to the continent of Europe; and the identity in structure of the opposite coasts of the strait of Dover seems to favour the supposition. There is reason to believe that the island of Ceylon was at one period united to Hindostan. Humboldt is of opinion that the West India Islands once constituted a circuit of land which enclosed the Gulf of Mexico.

From the facts which we have noticed relative to the wearing down of continents, it results, that there is a process of waste and decay in continual operation, by the influence of which all our present continents must in time disappear under the surface of the sea.

#### FORMATION OF STRATA.

The transported materials are deposited at the bottom of the ocean in what is termed a *stratified* form—that is, if the bottom of the ocean were laid bare, and the deposited materials rendered observable to a certain depth, they would be found to be disposed in layers, separated from each other by a more or less distinct line of demarcation. These layers or strata are accounted for by referring them to periodic floods by land, and periodic storms by sea. Except during floods, rivers convey comparatively very little matter to the sea; and, except during storms, the ocean effects a comparatively small amount of destruction on its coasts. We are, then, to suppose that, during the intervals which elapse between floods and storms, the surface of the previously deposited materials at the

bottom of the ocean becomes so hardened, that these, instead of mingling with the new deposition, give rise to an afterwards observable line of separation between them. When the transported materials are deposited on an inclined surface, they give rise to inclined strata; when on a waved surface, to waved strata; and when on a horizontal surface, to horizontal strata.

#### DISLIKE; A TALE.\*

"WELCOME home, my dear Isabella," said Mr Baltimore to his lady, as she stepped from her carriage at the entrance of the avenue to Baltimore Hall; "I hope you feel well after your journey?" "Perfectly well," replied Mrs Baltimore, "and glad, even after so short an absence, to find myself at home again. But what is going on here, my dear? I heard a dreadful shouting as I passed through our little borough town, and Peter tells me that you are a candidate for the representation of it, and that Mr Freeman is your rival. It is a blunder of his own, I suppose?" "No; it is no mistake," was the reply of the gentleman. "What?" cried the lady, in a tone of alarm, "are you actually throwing away the last stake of your ruined fortune upon a contested election?" "I will sell every acre that I have yet left to me," exclaimed Mr Baltimore, vehemently, "rather than see that ostentatious upstart Freeman sit in Parliament for the borough that my ancestors have so long represented with honour. Any other man I could have borne to behold in my family's place but him!" "For shame, Baltimore! Mr Freeman is, to be sure, ridiculously proud of his wealth, but he has some reason to be so, since he acquired it by honest industry. He is friendly, besides, and kind to all around him. He has even offered civilities to us." "It is that very nauseous civility that I hate," said the husband, with increased passion; "when he is absent, I can resolve to endure him. But when he comes to intrude his purse-pride favours—whenever I see him, there is something in his full, satisfied face, in the tones of his voice, ay, in the very gait and shape of his legs, that is insufferable to me. You laugh at me," continued the gentleman angrily, observing something like a smile on Mrs Baltimore's countenance. "Indeed," said the lady, "since things have taken this turn, I have more cause to cry. But I could not restrain a smile when you talked of Freeman's person; for people have taken it into their heads that it bears a remarkable resemblance to your own. I have myself, in twilight, sometimes mistaken the one for the other." "Pshaw!" said Mr Baltimore, "the fellow only copies my dress and manner, and that is another ground of dislike—as if he could ever resemble a gentleman in any thing!"

Mr Baltimore and his lady had now reached the house, an old-fashioned building, in an indifferent state of repair, which betokened the impoverished circumstances of the owner. Mr and Mrs Baltimore found here Mr Mason, an elderly gentleman of the neighbourhood, and particular friend of Mr Baltimore. Mr Mason had come to pay a visit before taking a journey, and his object likewise was to dissuade his friend from continuing the election-contest on which he had entered. This was found to be a fruitless attempt, and Mr Mason desisted, lamenting and wondering at the rancorous feelings which Mr Baltimore expressed towards his opponent Freeman, a man whose worth the whole country respected.

We may now in our own person explain to the reader the position of the two candidates for the borough of Westown, with respect to each other, as well as their peculiar characters. Mr Freeman was a man of humble origin, being the son of a common weaver, but by activity and industry he had amassed, in the capacity of a manufacturer, a large fortune. When considerably past the prime of life, he had retired from business, and had purchased a great portion of the Baltimore estates, on a corner of which he had been born, and which the present representative of that family had sold, on account of burdens accumulated through several generations. Mr Freeman was one of the most kind-hearted of men, and as lavish, to say the truth, as he was vain, of his honestly got wealth. He had the true city taste respecting property, and his deficiency in this respect annoyed poor Mr Baltimore not a little. Around Freeman's splendid new mansion, all the fine old trees, that formed the apple of the old proprietor's eye, were cut down to "open the view." A hundred other "improvements" effected by the new lord seemed to the old one little less than sacrilege. This was one great original cause of Mr Baltimore's dislike to the retired merchant, and there were many other things which aggravated the feeling. The activity of Freeman's character led him, having lost its former vent, to enter heart and soul into all the business of the neighbourhood, where his independent spirit, his wealth, and his munificence, caused him, though unintentionally, to outshine altogether the impoverished representative of the lords of the manor. Deeply sensitive in natural character, Mr Baltimore's feelings became by degrees absolutely changed as far as his unconscious rival was concerned; actual hatred found a place in a bosom once a stranger to such a sentiment. Mr Freeman partook not of this spirit. On the contrary, as he could not avoid seeing Mr Baltimore's repugnance to him on many occasions, the worthy man tried all that he could in his own way

to prevent it, and only made the matter worse. It became at last a perfect mystery to the old manufacturer. "Almost every day," said he one day to Mrs Freeman, a vulgar woman, with much less "heart" than her husband, "I asked him almost every day to come and dine with me, just as one would ask their most intimate acquaintance; and he knew very well that I expected no entertainments in return, which would have been a foolish expense for him, for I took care, in the handsomest manner, to let him know as much. I have even shown my respect for him as a country gentleman, by taking him as my model since I have become one myself. It is past all comprehension!" Still Mr Freeman disliked not his neighbour, but Mrs Freeman did, and thereby hangs our tale. She it was who persuaded her husband to become a candidate for the borough, which he did with reluctance. Neither of the rivals, though they had both been long married, had children to inherit their likes and dislikes.

The polling day for the borough of Westown arrived, and the booths were to be kept open for two days. The opposing candidates met, and bowed to each other—the one with an air of frank cordiality, which seemed to court further intercourse, and the other with a shrinking haughtiness, which repelled it. Need we say that it was Mr Freeman who evinced the frankness, and his adversary the haughtiness? Both of the candidates made speeches; the prevailing topic of Mr Baltimore's oration being his long ancestral connection with the borough, while the staple burden of Mr Freeman's discourse was commerce, manufactures, and independence. Which of the speakers was considered the most eloquent, is a point we shall not undertake to determine. Suffice it to say, that the show of hands was pretty nearly equal for both, and that those voters who squared their conduct by expediency, and who had firmly made up their minds to give their voice to the strongest side, were puzzled and dumb. Having seen the business begun, the two candidates retired, each to his respective place of abode, and left the matter in the hands of their several agents and followers.

For his part, on returning home, the worthy Freeman did not feel at all at ease; his kind heart smote him at the thought, that, through his doing, Mr Baltimore was to be shown how much his influence had declined in the very spot where his family had so long presided. That gentleman had, it was true, rejected all his well-meant advances, and even shown a feeling of hostility; still Mr Freeman had many excuses to make for his rival's perverseness, under the altered fortunes of the family. All the country around was once the possession of the Baltimores; now they owned but a fraction of it, and that known to be under burdens also. "He has some reason to be a little sour after all," was Mr Freeman's meditation; "but it would be unjust to my supporters, it would be a mockery of the electors, were I to discontinue the contest. Yet, after all, I will go and visit him, and show him that I have no angry personal feelings in opposing him. It may soothe him, should he lose the day, and perhaps we may have misapprehended each other hitherto. Yes, I will make a friendly call." Without communicating his resolution to Mrs Freeman, who had set her heart upon being the wife of an M.P. at all costs, Mr Freeman left his house, and took the shortest way across his park to Mr Baltimore's mansion, which was quite contiguous to his own.

Leaving Mr Freeman to proceed in his well-meant purpose, let us now consider what were Mr Baltimore's feelings on reaching his home after the commencement of the election. The predominant sentiment in his mind, we are sorry to say, was an increased dislike of Mr Freeman. The equally divided show of hands was a thing he had not anticipated, and in his disappointment he railed at the mean homage paid by men to wealth. His lady, a sensible and sweet-tempered woman, struggled to compose her husband's mind, and gently endeavoured to show him the injustice of his prejudices against Mr Freeman, but with indifferent success. While they were conversing on this subject, they were suddenly startled by a noise out of doors, and immediately a servant-boy burst into the room, exclaiming, "He'll be drowned, if nobody runs to save him!—he'll be drowned!—he'll be drowned!" "Has any person fallen into the pond?" cried the lady. Mr Baltimore had started to his feet, and was bursting from the room, when the boy answered, "Yes, madam, into the deepest part of it—Squire Freeman's own self; and if nobody pull him out, he'll be drowned!" For an instant, on hearing Freeman's name—and that instant showed how much evil feelings had warped his mind—Mr Baltimore paused—his wife gazing upon him in fearful suspense—and then he rushed from the house, with all his better nature awakened within him. The agitated lady sank into a chair, in which she sat for a few minutes in a state almost of insensibility. Some of the servants who had followed their master soon returned, and she learned from them that Freeman had been saved by Mr Baltimore in person, at the risk of his own life, and was now being brought to the house. Mrs Baltimore's heart sent up grateful thanks to heaven, though her lips moved not.

The lady's care speedily removed all traces of the accident from Mr Freeman and his preserver. After issuing from the room where he had changed his dress, the former expressed a wish to see Mr Baltimore, in order to give vent to the grateful feelings which overflowed his breast. To Mrs Baltimore's great pain, her husband consented only with reluctance, and, when the interview took place, his cold and haughty reception of Freeman's warm thanks pained her still more. Mr Freeman's declaration that he would from that moment resign the election, was met by the chilling answer, that if this was done, Mr Baltimore also would give it up. "No, sir, I will never receive reward," said the latter gentleman, "for doing a common office of humanity. We entered on this contest as fair combatants, and neither of us, I hope," he added significantly, "has taken unfair advantage of the other." Grieved to the heart, poor Freeman

saw that it was vain to combat a prejudice as strong as it was incomprehensible. "I say no more," were his last words, on taking his leave; "I leave you with the thanks of a heart which will never forget what it owes to you, but in that place where affection and animosity are both alike forgotten."

After his departure, Mrs Baltimore burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, Baltimore, Baltimore, have you suffered him to go thus!" "The hypocrite!" was her husband's reply: "look at this letter, Mrs Baltimore. That man is at this moment purchasing all the debts, all the claims against me, in order to throw me to-morrow into a prison, and so gain his election by my disgrace. That letter is from my agent, who watches their doings and cannot be mistaken. I wished not to alarm you by informing you of this before. The hypocrite!" Mrs Baltimore was struck dumb by this grievous intelligence, yet at heart she believed there was some mistake, and that Freeman was incapable of such an act.

The next day, the second day of the poll, saw Mrs Baltimore seated by Mr Baltimore's side in the jail of Westtown, at the instance of one who was, there seemed too much reason to believe, the secret agent of Freeman. Mr Mason, too, who had returned home, was with his friend in his adversity. Strange to say, during that day Mr Baltimore's spirits were light as air. He felt himself wronged, and that most shamefully, by the man whom he disliked, and whom the world must now despise, were it but for this act alone. Instead of doing injury, this imprisonment did great service to Mr Baltimore's election, the voters feeling indignant at the deed, though they knew not the doer.

To the great surprise of the Baltimores and Mr Mason, Freeman called in the afternoon at the prison to visit Mr Baltimore! With strong sympathy depicted on his countenance, Mr Freeman, after being admitted, began to console the unfortunate prisoner; but sympathy was rapidly converted into indignation, when Mr Baltimore stepped up to him, and openly charged him with being the author of the arrest. As soon as astonishment would permit him to speak, Freeman vehemently disclaimed the imputation. "On the word of an honest man, I have had no knowledge of this shameful arrest." "And on the word of a gentleman," retorted the other, "I believe you not." "Will you indeed put this affront upon me?" "Only if you are obliging enough to bear it. Do as you please," replied Baltimore, turning contemptuously away. "Hold, Baltimore!" cried Mr Mason; "Mr Freeman, you had better retire at present, and I will visit you in a little time." "I will be glad to see you, Mr Mason," said Freeman, and left the room.

Mr Baltimore was released from his confinement the same evening, Mr Mason being the bearer to him of the happy intelligence, that Mrs Baltimore's uncle, having heard of the arrest, had sent means to pay all the debt. The election, too, terminated in his favour. But it may be questioned, such is human nature, whether either of these events gave him more pleasure than the determination which Freeman expressed in a message to him through a friend, to have either an apology for the imputation cast upon him in the prison, or to call Mr Baltimore to a hostile meeting. An apology being contemptuously refused, a meeting was arranged between the parties. They met in a retired spot on the morning following the election, with the law agent of each as his second. On coming to the ground, Mr Freeman stepped up to his adversary, and expressed his deep regret at the circumstances in which he was placed with the preserver of his life. "Ah! Mr Baltimore," said he, "it is a cruel necessity which compels me to this. But life, with contempt and degradation in the eye of the world attached to it, is no benefit; you have forced me to —" "No more words are necessary, sir," interrupted Baltimore haughtily; "the invitation you have given me to this place is the only one which I have ever received from you with pleasure." "You will regret this, perhaps, when it is too late, Mr Baltimore," said Freeman; "but I will say no more. I am ready." He then stepped back, and another attempt of the seconds to obtain some explanatory words from Baltimore proving as ineffectual as formerly, the adversaries took up their position in front of each other. Mr Baltimore, as the challenged party, had raised his hand to fire, when Mr Mason rushed on to the ground, and exclaimed to Baltimore, "Hold your hand, rash man, and do not commit an act which you will repent while you live!" "What do you mean by this language and interference, Mr Mason?" cried Baltimore angrily. "Mean, sir!" retorted Mason, with equal heat, "I mean that you are raising your hand against the friend —" "Hold! hold! Mr Mason," exclaimed Freeman; "remember the promise to which I bound you." "You released me from that promise by concealing this meeting from me," was Mr Mason's answer. "There," continued he to Baltimore, "there stands the man," pointing to Freeman, "who paid your debts, opened your prison doors, and even kept back his friends from the poll to serve you! Your uncle never knew of your arrest, though, at Mr Freeman's earnest desire, I caused you to believe your freedom was owing to your relation."

Mr Baltimore stood as if stunned by what he heard, the truth of which, coming from Mason's lips, he could not doubt. All the injustice he had been guilty of to Freeman, and the noble generosity which the other had exhibited in return, rushed upon the mind of Baltimore, and he was shocked and humbled at the contrast. Seeing his distress, the kind-hearted Freeman approached him, and said, "Nay, Mr Baltimore, I could in justice do no less than I did, seeing that I only made reparation for the injury which you suffered at my committee's hands, from mistaken motives on their part, and unknown to me. Besides, I owe you my life." Every word uttered by the merchant humbled Baltimore still more, and showed him the blackness of his former prejudices. His better nature was fully awakened, and he began, in a faltering voice, "I have been to you, Mr Freeman, most unreasonable and unjust. I have—I have—been prejudiced—." "Never waste one word about it, Mr Baltimore," said Freeman, grasping warmly the hand which the other held out to him; "I had the very same thoughts, it may be, respect-

ing you. What of that? We did not know each other. We do now, and I hope we shall be better friends in future."

They not only became better friends, but inseparable companions. Mr Baltimore, when his eye was no longer jaundiced, found in the merchant a character of sterling worth and integrity, whose few foibles were but dust in the balance when weighed against his virtues. The merchant's activity and assistance enabled Baltimore to improve his drooping fortunes; and, in short, Mr Baltimore and Mr Freeman derived mutual pleasure and benefit from the friendship which had sprung so strangely out of rivalry and prejudice, and agreed upon all subjects but one. This was the representation of the borough of Westown, which Baltimore frequently expressed a wish to resign to Mr Freeman. "No, no, my dear friend," Freeman would reply, "we might quarrel again, and that is what I would not do for fifty elections."

## " TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE."

Our readers will not have forgot the specimens we lately laid before them of the sayings of Mr Samuel Slick of Slickville. While the tone of Mr Slick's remarks on the Nova Scotians is perhaps somewhat too keen, it cannot be denied that they contain a large infusion of practical, though homely sense, reminding us a good deal of the wisdom of Poor Richard. Our readers will allow that Mr Slick hits pretty hard in the following chapter, which is entitled "Too many irons in the fire," and applies to others besides the Nova Scotians.

We had a pleasant sail of three hours from Parrsborough to Windsor. The arrivals and departures by water are regulated at this place by the tide, and it was sunset before we reached Mrs Wilcox's comfortable inn. Here, as at other places, Mr Slick seemed to be perfectly at home ; and he pointed to a wooden clock as a proof of his successful and extended trade, and of the universal influence of *soft sawder* and a knowledge of *human natur*. Taking out a penknife, he cut off a splinter from a stick of firewood, and, balancing himself on one leg of his chair, by the aid of his right foot, commenced his favourite amusement of whiting, which he generally pursued in silence. Indeed it appeared to have become with him an indispensable accompaniment of reflection. He sat in this abstracted manner, until he had manufactured into delicate shavings the whole of his raw material, when he very deliberately resumed a position of more ease and security, by resting his chair on two legs instead of one, and putting both his feet on the mantel-piece. Then, lighting his cigar, he said, in his usual quiet manner, "There's a plaguy sight of truth in them 'ere old proverbs. They are distilled facts steamed down to an essence ; they are like portable-soup, an amazin' deal of matter in a small compass ; they are what I valy most, experience ; and experience is every thing ; it's hearin', and seein', and tryin', and arter that a feller must be a born fool if he don't know. That's the beauty of old proverbs ; they are as true as a plum-line, and as short and sweet as sugar-candy. Now, when you come to see all about this country, you'll find the truth of that 'ere one — a man that has too many irons in the fire, is plaguy apt to get some on 'em burnt."

Do you recollect that 'ere tree I show'd you at Parrsboro?' it was all covered with *black knobs*, like a wart rubbed with caustic. Well, the plum-tree had the same disease a few years ago, and they all died, and the cherry-tree I concail will go for it too. The farms here are all covered with the same 'black knobs,' and they do look like Old Scratch. If you see a place all gone to wreck and ruin, it's mortgaged you may depend. The 'black knob' is on it. My plan, you know, is to leave to put a clock in a house, and let it be till I return. I never say a word about sellin' it, for I know, when I come back, they wont let it go arter they are once used to it. Well, when I first came, I knew no one, and I was forced to inquire whether a man was good for it, afore I left it with him; so I made a pint of axin' all about every man's place that lived on the road. 'Who lives up there in the big house?' says I; 'it's a nice location that—pretty considerable improvements them.' 'Why, sir, that's A. B.'s; he was well to do in the world once, carried a stiff upper lip, and cared for no one; he was one of our grand aristocrats, wore a long-tailed coat, and a ruffled shirt; but he must take to ship-buildin', and has gone to the dogs.' 'Oh,' said I, 'too many irons in the fire. Well, the next farm, where the pigs are in the potato-field, whose is that?' 'Oh, sir, that's C. D.'s; he was a considerable fore-handed farmer as any in our place, but he set up for an assembly-man, and opened a store, and things went agin' him somehow; he had no luck arterwards. I hear his place is mortgaged, and they've got him cited in chancery.' 'The "black knob" is on him,' said I. 'The black what, sir?' says Blue Nose. 'Nothing,' says I. 'But the next, who improves that house?' 'Why, that's E. F.'s; he was the greatest farmer in these parts, another of the aristocracy, had a most noble stock o' cattle, and the matter of some hundreds out in joint notes; well, he took the contract for beef with the troops, and he fell astarn; so, I guess, it's a gone goose with him. He's heavy mortgaged.' 'Too many irons agin,' said I. 'Who lives to the left there? that man has a most special fine intervalle, and a grand orchard too; he must be a good mark that.' 'Well, he was once, sir, a few years ago; but he built a fullin'-mill, and a cardin'-mill, and put up a lumber establishment, and speculated in the West Indy line; but the dam was carried away by the freshets, the lumber fell, and he fell too: he's shot up, he hant been seen these two years; his farm is a common, and fairly run out.' 'Oh,' said I, 'I understand now, my man, these folks had too many irons in the fire, you see, and some on 'em have got burnt.' 'I never heard tell of it,' says Blue Nose; 'they might, but not to my knowledge,' and he scratched his head, and looked as if he would ask the meanin' of it, but didn't like to. Arter that I axed no

more questions ; I knew a mortgaged farm as far as I could see it. There was a strong family likeness in 'em all—the same ugly feature, the same cast o' countenance. The 'black knob' was discernible—there was no mistake—barn doors broken off, fences burnt up, glass out of windows, more white crops than green, and both lookin' poor and weedy ; no wood pile, no sarsaparilla, no compost, no stock ; moss in the mowin' lands, thistles in the ploughed lands, and neglect every where ; skinnin' had commenced, takin' all out, and puttin' nothin' in : gettin' ready for a move, so as to leave nothin' behind. Flittin' time had come. Foregatherin', for foreclosin'. Preparin' to quit. That beautiful river we came up to-day : what superfine farms it has on both sides of it, hant it? it's a sight to behold. Our folks have no notion of such a country so far down east, beyond creation most, as Nova Scotia is.

Now, it's jist as like as not, some Johnny of a Blin' Nose that seed' us from his fields, sailin' up full split, with a fair wind on the packet, went right off home and said to his wife, 'Now, do for gracious sake, mother, jist look here, and see how sick them folks go along; and that captain has nothin' to do all day, but sit straddled-egs across his tiller, and order about his sailors, or talk like a gentleman to his passengers; he's got most as easy a time of it as Ami Cuttle has, since he took up the fur-trade, a sharin' rabbits. I guess I'll buy a vessel, and leave the lads to do the plowin'; they've grown up now to be considerable lumps of boys.' Well, away he'll go, hot foot (for I know the critters better nor they know themselves), and he'll go and buy some old wreck of a vessel to carry plaster, and mortgage his farm to pay for her. The vessel will jam him up tight for repairs and new riggin', and the sheriff will soon pay him a visit; (and he's a most particular troublesome visitor that; if he once only gets a slight how-d'y-e-do acquaintance, he becomes so amazin' intimate arterwards, a-comin' in without knockin', and a-runnin' in and out at all hours, and making so plaguy free and easy, it's about as much a bargain if you can get clear of him arterwards). Bein' by the tide, and benipit by the sheriff, the vessel makes short work with him. Well, the upshot is, the farm gets neglected, while Captain Cuddy is to sea a drogin' of plaster. The thistles run over his grain fields, his cattle run over his hay land, the interest runs over its time, the mortgage runs over all, and at last he jist runs over to the lines to Eastport himself; and when he finds himself there, a-standin' in the street, near Major Pine's tavern, with his hands in his trouser-pockets, a-chasin' a stray shillin' from one end of 'em to another, afore he can catch it to swap for a dinner, wont he look like a ravin' dis-tracted fool, that's all? He'll feel about as streaked as I did once a-ridin' down the St John river. It was the fore part of March—I'd been up to Fredericton a-speculatin' in a small matter of lumber, and was returnin' to the city, a-gallopin' along on one of old Buntin's horses, on the ice, and all at once I missed my horse; he went right slap in, and slid under the ice, out of sight, as quick as wink, and there I was a-standin' all alone. 'Well,' says I, 'what the dogs has become of my horse and portmanteau? they have given me a proper dodge, that's a fact. That is a narrer squeak, it fairly bangs all.' Well, I guess the farmer will feel near about as ugly, when he finds himself brought up all standin' that way; and it will come so sudden on him, he'll say, 'why, it ain't possible I've lost farm and vessel both in that way, but I don't see neither on 'em.' Eastport is near about all made up of folks who have had to cut and run for it.

I was down there last fall, and who should I see but Thomas Rigby of Windsor. He knew me the minute he laid eyes upon me, for I had sold him a clock the summer afore. (I got paid for it though, for I see'd he had too many irons in the fire, not to get some on 'em burn'd set aside, I knew every fall and spring the wind set in for the lines, from Windsor, very strong—a regular trade wind—a sort of monshune that blows all one way for a long time without shiftin'). Well, I felt proper sorry for him, for he was a very clever man, and looked cut up dreadfully, and amazin' down in the mouth. 'Why, says I, 'is possible! is that you, Mr Rigby?—why, as I am alive! if that aint my old friend—why, how do you do?' 'Hearty, I thank you,' said he, 'how be you?' 'Reasonable well, I give you thanks,' says I; 'but what on airth brought you here?' 'Why,' says he, 'M. Slick, I couldn't well avoid it; times are uncommon dull over the bay; there's nothin' stirrin' there this year, and never will I'm thinkin'. No mortal soul can live in Nova Scotia. I do believe that our country was made of Saturday night, arter all the rest of the universe was finished. One half of it has got all the ballast of Noah's ark thrown out there; and the other half is eat up by bankers, lawyers, and other great folks. All our money goes to pay salaries, and a poor man has no chance at all.' 'Well,' says I, 'are you done up stock and fluke—total wreck?' 'No,' says he, 'I have two hundred pounds left yet to the good; but my farm, stock, and utensils, them young blood-horses, and the bran new vessel I was a-buildin', are all gone to pot, swept away as a thrashin' floor, that's a fact; Stark & Co. took all.' 'Well?' says I, 'do you know the reason of all that misfortin'?' 'Oh,' says he, 'any fool can tell that bad times to be sure—every thing has turned agin' this country, the banks have it all their own way, and must good may it do 'em.' 'Well,' says I, 'what's the reason the banks don't eat us up too, for I guess they are hungry as yourn be, and no way particular about the food neither; considerable sharp set—cut like razors you may depend. I'll tell you,' says I, 'how you galls that there slide that sent you heels over head— you had too many irons in the fire. You hadn't ought to have taken hold of ship-buildin' at all, you knowed nuthin' about it; you should have stuck to your farm, and your farm would have stuck to you. Now go back, after you spend your money, go up to Douglas, and you'll buy as good a farm for two hundred pound as what you lose, and see to that, and to that only, and you'll grow rich. As for banks, they can't hurt a country no great, I guess, except by breakin', and I concait there's no fear of you breakin'; and as for lawyers, and them kind o' he—'

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soches, give 'em half the road, and if they run agin' you, take the law of 'em. Undivided, unremittin' attention paid to one thing, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will insure success; but you know the old sayin' about too many irons."

"Now," says I, "Mr Rigby, what o'clock is it?"

"Why," says he, "the moon is up a piece, I guess it's seven o'clock or thereabouts. I suppose it's time to be a-movin'!" "Stop," says I, "jist come with me, I got a real material curiosity to show you—such a thing as you never laid your eyes on in Nova Scotia, I know." So we walked along towards the beach; "now," says I, "look at that ere man, old Lunar, and his son a-sawin' planks by moonlight, for that 're vessel on the stocks there; come agin to-morrow mornin', afore you can cleverly discern objects the matter of a yard or so afore you, and you'll find 'em at it agin. I guess that vessel won't ruinate those folks. They know their business, and stick to it."

Well, away went Rigby, considerable sulky (for he had no notion that it was his own fault); he laid all the blame on the folks at Halifax), but I guess he was a little grain pos'd, for back he went, and bought to Sowack, where I hear he has a better farm than he had afore.

I mind once we had an Irish gal at a dairy help; well, we had a wicked crittur of a cow, and she kicked over the milk-pail, and in ran Dora, and declared the bogle did it; just so, poor Rigby, he wouldn't allow it was natural causes, but laid it all to politics. Talking of Dora puts me in mind of the gals. Whenever you see one on 'em with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any 'em. One cools off, and another cools off, and before she brings any one on 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone, and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up agin. I never see a clever-lookin' gal in danger of that, I don't long to whisper in her ear, 'you dear little critter, you, take care, you have too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and other ones will get burnt so, they'll never be no good in natur'."

#### AN OLD ITALIAN STORY.

MESSIRE BARNABAS, the sovereign of Milan, was feared beyond any other prince of his time. Yet, though extremely cruel, he observed in his severities a species of justice, of which the following anecdote may serve as an illustration:—A certain rich abbot, who had the care of his dogs, having suffered two of them to get the mange, was fined four florins for his negligence. He begged very hard to be let off, on which the duke said to him, "I will remit you the fine, on condition that you answer the three following questions:—1. How far is it to the sky? 2. How much water is there in the sea? 3. What am I worth?" The abbot's heart sunk within him on hearing these propositions, and he saw that he was in a worse case than ever. However, to get rid of the matter for the present, he begged time for consideration, and the duke gave him the whole of the next day; but, desirous of seeing how he would get out of the difficulty, he compelled him to give security for his reappearance.

As the abbot was returning home, in melancholy mood, he met a man who rented a mill under him. The miller, seeing him thus cast down, said, "What is the matter, sir? what makes you sigh so?" "I may well sigh," replied the abbot, "for his highness threatens to play the deuce with me if I do not answer three questions, which neither Solomon nor Aristotle could solve;" and he told the miller what they were. The latter stood thoughtful a few minutes, and then said, "Well, if you have a mind, I will get you out of the scrape." "I heartily wish you could!" exclaimed the abbot, "there is nothing I have that I would not give you." "I am willing to leave that to you," said the miller, "but it will be necessary that you should lend me your tunic and cowl. I must get myself shaved, and make myself as much like an abbot as I can." To this his reverence joyfully consented, and the next morning the miller, having transformed himself into a priest, set out for the palace.

The duke, surprised that the abbot should be ready so early, ordered him to be admitted; and the miller having made his reverence, placed himself as much in the dark as he could, and kept fumbling about his face with his hand, to prevent his being recognised. The duke then asked him if he was ready to answer the queries he had put to him? to which he replied in the affirmative. "Your highness's first question," said he, "was, 'How far is it from hence to the sky?' I answer, thirty-six millions, eight hundred and fifty-four thousand, seventy-two miles and a half, and twenty-two yards." "You have made a nice calculation," said the duke; "but how do you prove it?" "If you think it incorrect," said the other, "measure it yourself, and if you do not find it right, hang me."

Your second question, 'How much water is there in the sea?' has given me a good deal of trouble, because, as there is always some coming into it, or going out of it, it is scarcely possible to be exact; however, according to the nearest estimate I have been able to make, the sea holds twenty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-two millions of hogheads, seven barrels, twelve quarts, two pints." "How can you possibly tell?" said the duke. "I have taken all the pains I could," replied the other; "but if you have any doubt about the matter, get a sufficient number of barrels, and you will then see."

Thirdly, you demanded, 'How much your highness is worth?' I answer, nine-and-twenty shillings."

When Messire Barnabas heard this, he flew into a furious passion, and said, "a murrain take you, do you hold me in no higher estimation than a pottage-pot?" "Sire," replied the other, trembling all over, "you know our Lord was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and I thought I must take you at one less than him." The shrewdness of the man's replies convinced the duke that he was not the abbot; and looking steadfastly at him, he charged him with being an impostor. The miller, greatly frightened, fell on his knees, and begged for mercy, stating that he was a servant of the abbot, and had undertaken the scheme at his request, solely with a view to entertain his

highness. Messire Barnabas, hearing this, exclaimed, "Since he has himself made you an abbot, and a better one than ever he was, I confirm the appointment, and invest you with his benefice: as you have taken his place, he shall take yours." This was actually done; and as long as he lived, the miller received the revenue of the abbey, and the abbot was obliged to content himself with that of the mill. And so the abbot turned miller, and the miller abbot.

The novelist concludes with remarking, that notwithstanding the miller's good fortune, it is seldom safe to take liberties with great men; that they are like the sea, which, if it gives the chance of great wealth, exposes also to great peril; and that, however a man may be favoured by the weather for a time, he is always in danger of being wrecked by a storm.

#### MUSIC AT SYDNEY.

A FILE of colonial newspapers is apt to be a source of considerable entertainment. It is particularly so if the colony be new and small, and things be only, as it were, in the bud. It is then most amusing to observe how minds, which, at home, would be making a stir about great matters, go to work when they have to agitate about things comparatively little, and how the terms and modes of speech customary here, look, when applied with the same seriousness to the miniature concerns of one of these infant states. The squabbles, too, and bickerings which are incessantly going on amongst colonial editors, are extremely amusing at this cool distance, where nothing is intelligible but that two or three honest gentlemen have been grievously offending each other's love of approbation.

Number three of "The Reformer," a fortnightly paper commenced in June 1836, at Sydney, contains an article under the title of "Music in Australia," in which the editor gives an account of certain concerts which had recently taken place in the Australian capital. Both for the information it conveys, and the designed or undesigned humour which lurks in the composition, this article is worthy of the notice of our readers. The writer commences by stating that, when he arrived in the colony four years ago, music was little in fashion, partly in consequence of the troubles at the end of Governor Darling's administration. For six months, sad to relate, there had not been a single concert in Sydney. "It was the arrival of Mrs Taylor, and then subsequently of Mrs Chester, that roused, as it were, the musical lethargy of New South Wales; but it cannot be said that music was fairly established amongst us, until the tide of emigration brought to our shores Messrs Wallace and Deane. When the first of the named gentlemen arrived in Sydney, there were persons who said, it was an act of folly that a man of his acquirements should have ventured to come to Botany Bay, and it was asserted, that he would have to expiate such a want of judgment as this. We were never of the same opinion; and we were not mistaken. The first and the second concerts, although succeeding each other rapidly, were crowded to excess; and as it is required to speak sometimes in figures, we believe that £80 at least were cleared each time. But what must have been the astonishment of the idiots and circumscribed amongst us, when, about six months after the arrival of Mr Wallace and his family, Mr Deane also (member of the Philharmonic Society of London) removed himself and family from Van Diemen's Land to New South Wales. As we are never despairing, we did not despair either, in seeing such a vast accumulation of musical talent pour into our colony. We said to ourselves, there are capitalists and settlers of from fifty thousand to five and six thousand pounds of income a-year, there is a high-salaried governor, there are well-paid public officers amongst us. It is impossible that they should not imitate. I would not just say the king, but the respectability and wealth of Great Britain. \* \* \* Several concerts were given both by Mr Wallace and Mr Deane; and it must be said, as being very creditable to our public, that every one of them (with the exception of one) was very well attended—and the indifferent attendance of that one was caused by excessive bad weather. We have heard, beginning with Beethoven and Paganini, almost every virtuoso in Europe; we have practised music ourselves in the happier days of our youth; we have therefore some right to review freely the prominent talents which the colony possesses at the present moment." He then describes Mr Wallace as one who would be considered "a good solo-player, even in one of the first-rate theatres at home." There are "tones of his" that the colony "does not yet thoroughly comprehend," but he believes it will "grow up to them." Mr S. W. Wallace is "a very feeling, nay, original flute-player;" and Miss E. Wallace is "a juvenile performer," whose voice is "even now sweet and melodious," though she is as yet deficient in the pronunciation of Italian.

Mr Deane is "a very diligent and attentive leader, a good performer, and well versed in the theoretical part of music. How beautifully did he lead the quintette of Haydn; such a thorough-wrought piece of music must affect every mind. \* \* \* It creates a very homely feeling to see Mr Deane busying himself about his numerous family, for the sake of procuring us recreation, elation, and refinement of mind. Miss Deane labours under the same advantageous predicament as Miss Wallace—she is also very young. It is very creditable to Mr Deane, to have formed such

a skilful pupil as his daughter is. Many hours and days must have passed by, to bring forth such precious accomplishments. There is no hesitation, there is no mistake in Miss Deane's playing. Look at her Greek March! There she begins, and there it runs on clear and perfect to the very end. Some passages are even sublime, and who can say how far Miss Deane will improve, when she also will have become a big girl. Master E. Deane is rather a phenomenon, and we have never before seen a boy of his age managing the violoncello as he does."

Mrs Chester, "although the last in our article, is not the least among our colonial performers. She has the strongest, most sonorous, and expressive voice, we have heard in the colony. Amongst other songs, her Auld Robin Gray is an admirable piece, which we would not be tired to hear day after day. But having spoken of Mrs Chester and our other virtuosos, we must now observe, that all and every one of them are labouring under most perplexing disadvantage, and this is the want of a proper orchestra. Look how things are going on at home. There is a band of, say a hundred, or sixty, or forty musicians; the leader with the roll of paper in his hand gives the majestic sign; a whirlwind, a thunder of tones is coming forth; the minds of the audience, as well as that of the virtuoso, are wound up to a proportionate degree of elation; and lo! out of that chaos of tones emerges, like upon celestial wings, the glaring utterance of the virtuoso. He dwells some longer or shorter time in the regions of his fancy and imagination, and when he arrives at a certain stop, a mass of tones is echoing him, mingling, as it were, their joy with the applause and cheering of an electrified audience. How different to this are our present concerts! The tones of a Wallace, of a Chester, of a Miss Deane, are accompanied by the confounded scraping of some botching fiddler; and if there is not a superabundant stock of feeling in the minds of the principal performer, it is certainly not by this accompaniment that such can be elicited.

We want therefore a regular orchestra. We want a regular orchestra for the new theatre now erecting—we want one for each of our two cathedrals, &c. The colony is advanced enough, and the treasury is rich enough, that such and similar refinements might be now expected. It would be very expensive to have the performers written for from England, especially as *fate, as it were, has cast on our shores a superabundance of musical talent*. It was to such immigration of foreign talent, that in the middle ages the Italian states were indebted for that splendour in arts and sciences to which they finally arrived. It was not by *sorcery and magic* that they reached that splendour. It was because their Sir Richard Bourke's, their H. M'Arthur's, their Sir J. Jamieson's, S. Terry's, &c. were men possessing national pride, and willing to give bread to such immigrants as well out of their own pocket as out of the public revenue. It is said, that the present governor is fond of music. It is, said it may be. But we beg leave to remind his excellency, that it is not by taking a few tickets that such national improvements as the above will ever be accomplished. If fate had cast during his reign *painters* on our shores—well, then it would have been in his power to give, in the first instance, this direction to the colony. As things stand now, it is in his hands to make it an *eminently musical country*." The article ends with some specialities more for the consideration of the governor than of our readers.

#### NOTICES OF ENGLISH POETS LITTLE KNOWN.

##### SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

The description which Ophelia gives of Hamlet, in her lamentation over his departed reason, applies perfectly to Sir John Suckling. "The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword," were all evinced in him in greater perfection than in any other personage of note, in English literature or history. Sir John is one of the most piquant and attractive of his country's minor poets, and his life and writings tallied in every point. Gay, graceful, and accomplished, he is the most finished specimen of the "men of wit and pleasure about town" in the time of the first Charles.

Suckling was born, according to the best accounts, in the year 1608. He inhaled a court atmosphere from his very cradle, his father having been controller of the household to King Charles, at the time of our hero's birth. Young Suckling received his education, it is believed, at Westminster school, and distinguished himself by an extraordinary aptitude for learning. He afterwards spent three or four years at Cambridge university, and then set out on his travels through the Continent, according to the custom which has been so long prevalent with Englishmen of good families. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was then pursuing his warlike career, and Suckling, a youth at the time of twenty years of age, enlisted under the hero's banner, and served with distinction through a short but busy campaign. On his return to England, he found his country labouring under the incipient throes of that convulsion which terminated in the overturn for a time of the monarchy. As might be anticipated, Suckling adopted warmly the side of the king, and devoted to it all his energies. In describing Sir

\* We here omit a couple of words of an asseverative character, which home editors are not in the habit of using, at least in print.

John's brief career, we may use the words of a writer in the *Retrospective Review*: "From the period of his return (from the Continent) till his death (which happened not more than seven years after), he seems to have spent an active and busy, yet easy and careless sort of life—now playing, loving, and writing—now raising a troop of soldiers to fight for the king—now plotting and intriguing with the Cavaliers to rescue Strafford from the hands of the Covenanters—failing being impeached of high treason, in conjunction with his friend and brother poet, Davenant, and flying to France for safety; where he died a 'batchelor,' at the age of thirty-two."

We have thrown the few incidents of Sir John Suckling's life into one place, as they do not bear in the slightest degree on his writings, of which we now proceed to present some specimens. In these writings, however, the character of the man, as he loved, gambled, and played, sipping, like a bee, the sweets of life in his careless course, is fully and truly imaged forth. In his "Session of the Poets," where Apollo sits in judgment to bestow the laurel, he thus justly describes himself—

Suckling next was called, but did not appear,  
But straight one whispered Apollo 't' th' ear,  
That of all men living he cared not for,  
He lov'd not the Muse so well as his sport;  
And pris'd black eyes, or a lucky hit  
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.

The sportive and agreeable character of Suckling's muse is admirably exhibited in his "Ballad on a Wedding," which is a masterpiece of light humour and easy versification. A country clown is supposed to witness a wedding in high life, in the neighbourhood of Charing-Cross, and to describe it to his companion, after his return home. The picture of the bride has always been considered as one of the most charming passages of English poetry.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,  
Where I the rarest things have seen:

Oh, things without compare!

Such sights again cannot be found

In any place on English ground,

Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-cross, hard by the way

Where we (thou knowest) do sell our hay,

There is a house with stairs;

And there did I see coming down

Such folks as are not in our town,

Vorily at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one peat-fine,

(His beard no bigger tho' than thine).

Walk'd on before the rest:

Our landlord looks like nothing to him:

The king (God bless him) 'twould undo him,

Should he go still so drest.

But wot you what? The youth was going

To make an end of all his woeing;

The person for him staid:

• • •

Her finger was so small, the ring

Would not stay on which they did bring,

It was too wide a peck:

And to say truth (for out it must)

It look'd like the great collar, just,

About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,

Like little mice stole in and out,

As if they feard' the light:

But oh! she dances such a way!

No sun upon an Easter-day,

Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,

No daisy makes comparison;

(Who sees them is undone),

For streaks of red were mingled there,

Such as are on a Katharine pear,

The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin

Compar'd to that was next her chin,

Some bee had stung it newly.

But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,

I durst no more upon them gaze,

Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,

Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,

That they might passage get,

But she so hand'd still the matter,

They came as good as ours, or better,

And are not spent a whit.

Passion of me! how I run on!

There's that that would be thought upon,

I trow, besides the bride.

The business of the kitchen's great,

For it is fit that men should eat;

Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,

And all the waiters in a trice.

His summons did obey,

Each serving-man with dish in hand,

March'd boldly up, like our train'd hand,

Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,

What man of knife, or teeth, was able

To stay to be entreated:

And this the very reason was,

Before the person could say grace,

The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;

Healths first go round, and then the house,

The bride's cans thine and thine;

And when 'twas named another's health,

Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,

And who could help it, Dick?

• • •

Sir John Suckling's love songs are delightful pieces of the kind, though in very few of them is the passion or the object of it placed in that high and romantic light in which it is displayed in the writings of Herrick, Waller, and others of our early lyricists. As an example in proof of this, we refer to a song, better

known perhaps than any other of Suckling's productions.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prithee why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee why so pale?  
Why so dull and musing, young sinner?  
Prithee why so musing?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing's done?  
Prithee why so musing?  
Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her.

With a little allowance for poetical exaggeration, the following song may be taken as a very fair description of the true lover's condition. Those of our readers who are in their teens will, we have no doubt, acknowledge the truth of this.

Honest lover whosever,  
If in all thy love there ever  
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame  
Were not still even, still the same:  
Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i' th' room,  
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;  
And in strivings this to cover  
Dost not speak thy words twice over,

Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,  
And all defects for graces take,  
Persons'elf thyself that are broken,  
When she has little or nothing spoken:

Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,  
Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;  
And when thou answer'st, if it be  
To what was asked thee properly,

Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,  
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;  
And with much gazing on her face  
Dost not rise hungry from the place,

Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If that thou dost discover  
That thou art no perfect lover,  
And desiring to love true,  
Thou dost begin to love anew:

Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If that thou art no perfect lover,  
And desiring to love true,  
Thou dost begin to love anew:

Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

We give one verse of another song, to show that our poet could write in a higher tone on the subject of love.

When, dearest, I but think of thee,  
Methinks all things that lovely be  
Are present, and my soul delighted,—  
For beauties that from worth arise,  
Are like the grace of deities,  
Still present with us, though unighted.

Intimate with Ben Jonson, Davenant, and other dramatic luminaries of the day, it was natural for Suckling to love the stage, and try his genius in dramatic composition. Two tragedies and a comedy of his were produced before the public, and being addressed to the taste of the time, were well received, though they have since sunk into oblivion—not altogether unmerited, it must be owned.

Sir John, as has been noticed already, raised a troop of one hundred horsemen for the service of the king, and at the head of these marched in person to the Scottish borders, along with the rest of the royal army, to oppose the Covenanters. A small party of the king's forces, sent out to reconnoitre, fell on a party of the enemy, and Suckling's troop was among those which thus disgraced themselves. Though there is no real reason for implicating their commander in the dishonour, Sir John was too noted a man to escape, and, accordingly, some wit of the opposite party composed a lampoon on the subject, which we give, not for its truth, but for its spirit and humour.

Sir John got him an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to ride-a,  
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,  
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant knight ever went to fight,  
With half so gay a brayado.

Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,

He'd have conquered a whole armado.

The ladies all to the windows to see  
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,  
And as he passed by, they began to cry,  
Sir John, will you go fight-a?

Sir John ran to his tent, continues the satirist, on seeing the foe, and

The colonel sent for him back again,  
To quarter him in the van-a;  
But Sir John did swear, he came not there,  
To be killed the very first man-a.

But now there is peace, he's returned to increase  
His money which lately he spent-a.

But his lost honour must still be in the dust,

At Berwick away it went-a.

The campaign here alluded to occurred in 1639, and in the subsequent year Suckling was returned to par-

liament as representative of the borough of Bramble. He unfortunately engaged himself, as we have said in Strafford's favour, and was forced to flee to France. His death, which occurred there shortly after, is generally believed to have been owing to a mortification in his foot, caused by the treachery of a servant, who robbed him, and fixed a penknife in his boot, to prevent a pursuit. Sir John pulled on the boot, and though he felt pain at the time, mounted his horse, and after a long ride, overtook the robber. So severely was the foot injured, that Suckling lost his life.

We close our notice of this agreeable and lively poet by a little poem of great beauty.

I prithee send me back my heart,  
Since I cannot have thine:  
For if from years you will not part,  
Why then shouldst thou have mine?  
Yet now I think on't, let it lie,  
To find it were in vain,  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.  
Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together?  
Oh love! where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts thou sever?  
But love is such a mystery  
I cannot find it out:  
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,  
I then am in most doubt.  
Then farewell care, and farewell woe,  
I will no longer pine:  
For I'll believe I have her heart,  
As much as she has mine.

#### THE MARIANNE ISLES.

NOT many years ago, a voyage round the world was undertaken, at the command of the French government, by Captain Freycinet, with two vessels, the *Uranie* and the *Physicienne*. In 1820, the circumnavigator returned home, and, shortly after, a pleasing and instructive account of the expedition was published by M. Arago, who acted as draughtsman. From this account we select, for the benefit of our readers, some information respecting an interesting group of islands in the Pacific, termed the *Ladrones* or *Marianne* isles, which have been rarely visited by voyagers, and regarding the present condition of which, exceedingly little is known by the civilised world.

The *Marianne* islands lie about two degrees to the eastward of the *Philippine* isles, in latitude 14 or 15 degrees north, and are consequently not very far distant from the Asiatic coast. Magellan, the Portuguese mariner, was the discoverer of the *Marianne*, but the Spaniards afterwards took possession of them, and retain them till this day. It is lamentable to think that almost in every spot of the New World where the nation has planted its foot, bloodshed and misery should have followed. Such was the case in this instance. When the Spaniards first occupied the *Marianne*, the native population amounted to forty or forty-five thousand; and in two short years, only five thousand were left of this number. *Guam*, *Rota*, and *Tinian*, are the largest isles of the *Marianne* cluster, and the only ones now inhabited. *Guam* is about forty leagues in circumference, and on one side presents strong traces of volcanic action, the rocks being formed of basaltic lava, while the other side bears a calcareous or coralline character. The soil is rich, and the scenery varied and beautiful. The woods and mountains of *Guam* offer to naturalists many objects worthy of observation. Great numbers of birds, in every variety of splendid plumage, hop from branch to branch, and rarely attempt to fly before the face of man. The purple-headed turtle-dove, graceful in form and elegant in plumage, with the brilliantly-coloured kingfisher, dazzle the eye of the stroller from every tree. No less than thirty-five rivers water this island, all of which not only contain plenty of fish, but carry down likewise with their currents grains of copper and iron. M. Arago describes the coast fishes of *Guam* as being of every kind, and rivaling the land animals in splendour and variety of colours.

There are two or three villages in this naturally rich island, and of these, *Agagna*, the largest, is the capital, and residence of the governor. *Agagna* (says M. Arago) has a tolerable resemblance to a city—not to a European city, but to a city in which nine-tenths of the houses are built with the mid-ribs of the cocoa-tree, and covered with leaves of trees. Fifty of the houses only are made of stone, the remaining five hundred and twenty, which complete the amount, being of the kind described. Each house stands in a little enclosure, containing two or three hundred tobacco plants, and bordered by a wall of sago trees, from which the inhabitants make a species of indifferent bread. A bamboo partition divides each house into two rooms, in one of which the household work is performed, and the younger branches of the family, with the pigs, sleep. The other end is devoted to the repose of the master of the house, and generally presents a number of smoky figures of saints. Around a few of the cots is to be seen a patch of rice, or Indian corn, but more frequently tobacco is the sole cultivation. Apart from the town, the same deficiency in the culture of necessary articles characterises the island.

In what condition, then, are the inhabitants? The natives are a tall, well-formed race, of a dark-yellow complexion, and dressed as nearly as possible after the fashion of the Spaniards, though the clothing is much more slight. Like their dress, the manners of the native islanders are deeply tinged with those of their conquerors. "I should have guessed (says M. Arago)

that the country belonged to the Spaniards, from the sacrilegious state of neglect in which every thing is left. The inhabitants of Guam sleep two-thirds of the day; and when they employ the other in labour, it is scarcely ever without being obliged to do so by necessity or the governor. They smoke and chew the whole day, and seem to live only on tobacco and coco-nut mixed with lime; they add, indeed, a few leaves of betel, but this seasoning requires a little care and trouble; and what person here will take either to live?" The women, and even children of four or five years, smoke their segars. Such is the idleness that prevails in Guam, that the inhabitants might starve in the midst of natural abundance, were it not for one great boon of heaven—the coco-nut tree. From the fruit of this magnificent vegetable, in which the Mariannes are rich to excess, the inhabitants derive not only a simple and agreeable kind of food, but they can make from it "sweetmeats, brandy, vinegar, honey, and oil;" from the shell they derive "cups and other table articles;" and from the trunk and leaves they procure "clothes, strong ropes, threads, and materials for roofs, baskets, mats, &c." In addition to this most useful vegetable, Guam abounds in the bread-fruit tree.

The Spanish governor rules the Mariannes with the help of but a very few officials and soldiers. He levies about £.20 a-month as his own salary, and between three and four thousand pounds a-year as the dues of government. There are several pieces of cannon in Guam, and something resembling a fort or two, but it is not by means of these the governor maintains his rule. It is religion, or rather superstition, which makes the natives of the Mariannes bend the knee before a handful of Spaniards. Having traditions of their own of an extraordinary kind respecting the power and greatness of their ancestry, no one of the many races subjugated by the Spaniards puts such implicit credence in the miraculous stories and supernatural events which have been communicated to them by the Spanish priesthood. The Guamanites display the most childish superstition in every hour of their lives. "If a man break his leg (says Arago), it is immediately imputed to his having eaten mutton on a Friday. If a house be on fire, it is because the owner neglected to pull off his hat last Sunday the moment he set his foot church." In such a case no attempt must be made to extinguish the flames; it would be an impious contravention of providence. There cannot be any doubt that the Spaniards have encouraged this turn of mind, which suited their domineering wishes. One, or at most two priests, and these very ignorant, according to M. Arago, are the spiritual managers of the natives of the Mariannes. In truth, they are also the only managers of bodily matters, and display most lamentable ignorance of the subject. A little cream of tartar, shaken on a sore, heals it; a little of the same rubbed into a fractured limb, joins the bones, &c. Our readers after this will not be surprised to hear that a fatal leprosy has permanently fixed on the Mariannes.

The governor is *the law*. He is prosecutor, judge, and jury, and every cause, whether criminal or civil, is determined just as his interest or his partiality directs. As to education in Guam, high mass, vespers, and a few hymns, are the only things taught to the pupils in the few schools which have been established at Agagna. An intimate knowledge of church-services is indeed rendered in some measure necessary, seeing that one half of the time of the people is spent in religious ceremonies and processions. With all this outward show, there is perhaps (says M. Arago) nowhere so little religion as at Guam. Purity of morals is at the lowest ebb with both sexes. The incessant routine of church ceremonies forces the people to be idle, without making them virtuous. From many circumstances, our French voyager was led to conclude, that intercourse with their Spanish conquerors had in every respect debased the character of the natives of the Mariannes.

M. Arago was greatly confirmed in this opinion by a visit to Rota and Tinian, two other islands of the Mariannes, situated at a short distance from Guam. The French voyager was conducted to Rota by canoes which had come to the Mariannes for iron from the Carolinas, a group of islands about six hundred leagues distant. These Carolinian navigators were samples of a race of people far superior in intelligence to the natives of Guam, and displayed in the passage to Rota great skill in the management of their boats, and modesty and integrity of conduct. The inhabitants of Rota are about four hundred in number; like the Guamanites, they are nominally Christians, and speak the Spanish tongue. At Rota, M. Arago found the first traces of those ancient monuments which strengthened his belief that the Mariannes islands had once been inhabited by a civilised and great people. "Fragments of pillars, three feet in diameter, are still lying on the earth which has been raised around them. They certainly formed only a single circular edifice, more than eight hundred paces in circumference. The inhabitants called these remains the *House of the Ancestors*."

The island of Tinian, which is twelve miles long and six in breadth, was visited both by Anson and Byron, and is described by the former as remarkable for the "excellence and quantity of its fruits and provisions, the neatness of its lawns, the stateliness, freshness, and fragrance of its woods, the plentiness of its waters, and the exceeding salubrity of its climate." The same voyager relates that "there are still re-

mains to be met with in Tinian, which evince it to have been once extremely populous." In one respect Tinian was found by M. Arago to be the same as Anson has described it, while in another it was sadly changed. "We went over the island, which now contains only fourteen inhabitants. It must once have been the residence of a great people; you cannot proceed a league without finding some gigantic remains of old monuments among the bushes; and the whole island seems to be but one ruin." So far M. Arago agrees with Anson, but hear the Frenchman's description of Tinian's present condition in other respects:—"A few low and feeble cocoa-trees still raise their withered heads; you would say that they moaned the sadness of nature, and that they wished to die with her. Uniform plains of small elevation; trunks of trees parched by the sun; no road, no shelter; a scorching wind destroys vegetation, and deprives the ground of the power of reproduction. Every thing is decay." M. Arago attributes the change that has taken place since Anson's visit, to some great and recent convulsion of nature, and wonders that there is no testimony remaining of such an event. It is not necessary to seek for any such cause to account for the desolation that has fallen upon Tinian. Fifty years before Anson saw it, the island had been depopulated, the natives, amounting to no less than thirty thousand souls, being all either killed or carried off by the Spaniards, to recruit their numbers at Guam, which the sword and a raging sickness had thinned. Fifty years had not wasted the beauty of Tinian, but the lapse of another century has done it; and hence the difference between M. Arago's description and that of Anson. The Spaniards, and no convulsions of nature, have made Tinian barren wilderness. To use the words of Anson respecting the Mariannes, "their remote situation could not protect them from sharing in the common destruction of the western world, through the violence and cruelty of that haughty nation, so fatal to a large proportion of the human race."

The ruins found on Tinian consist of large stones or masses, composed of sand, and consolidated by cement. In some places there are long colonnades, which can scarcely have belonged to any building excepting a temple or public edifice. The great number of these ruins, however, confirms the supposition, founded on their traditional appellation, that they are really the *houses of the ancient inhabitants*.

Until a spirit of regeneration enters into the governing power, or until that power is shaken off altogether, the Marianne islands, once a garden of beauty and the residence of an active and thriving, if not a civilised population, must remain, like so great a part of the New World, the abode of sloth, vice, and superstition. The islands of the Pacific Ocean are in general gifted by nature with many blessings, and all that is necessary is, that their inhabitants should be permitted to enjoy them in peace. How much longer will Spain and Portugal be allowed to sit like an incubus on the fairest regions of the earth, and repress all the better energies of countless millions of human beings?

#### Column for the Boys.

##### STORY OF THE LITTLE PACKMAN BOY.

I AM never tired of writing articles and stories for my young readers, the boys, whose welfare is one of the objects I cherish above most others in life. I like to show them the advantages of industry and strict honesty, and how, by only a few years of diligent perseverance and self-denial, they will gain a reputation which will carry them through life with credit, if not with the enjoyment of those temporal rewards which are showered upon the well-behaved of whatever rank or station. I am now, therefore, going to tell a little story, about a poor boy who showed extraordinary perseverance; and I daresay there are few young persons who will not sympathise in his distresses, and perhaps wish to emulate him in his efforts.

About forty-five years ago, there lived in the village of Eaglesham in Renfrewshire, a poor labouring man of the name of Robert Melville, his wife, and an only son, named James, who was at this time about two years of age. Work having become scarce about Eaglesham, and Melville having lost his wife, who died of a fever that was then raging in the country, and having, moreover, little to tie him down to any particular locality, he disposed of his trifling effects, and, taking his son by the hand, set out to wander over the country in quest of employment. While thus straying about, the poor man did get a few temporary jobs here and there, but it was not until he and his boy had wandered as far as the neighbourhood of the town of Kilmarnock, that he succeeded in getting any thing like constant and regular employment. He was here engaged to work in a quarry.

Having thus secured bread, Melville with his son took up his quarters with an old woman, who lived near the quarry, and when here settled, he put his boy to a school in the neighbourhood, where he made considerable proficiency in the more ordinary branches of education. Thus, then, matters stood with poor Robert Melville, and thus they remained for about a year, when, one day, as his boy approached the quarry carrying his father's little homely dinner to him as was his wont, he was surprised, and not a little alarmed to see all the men of the quarry gathered together in one spot. The poor boy feared that some accident

had happened. He flew wildly towards the crowd, and when he got there, saw his unfortunate father lying on the ground, a corpse, and fearfully mangled. Beside him lay the body of another man, who had perished by the same accident—the fall of a large mass of rock.

The shrieks and cries of the miserable, and now destitute boy, on seeing the mangled corpse of his father, were dreadful, and brought many a tear trickling over the rough weather-beaten cheeks of those around. The distracted youth flung himself on the dead body of his unfortunate parent, and it was not until force was employed, that he could be torn from it. The sight altogether unmanned those present; but it was desirable that the harrowing scene should be closed as soon as possible, and two of their number, taking hold of the lad, carried him to a distance, and kept him there, while the body of his father was being removed. This done, each of several of the deceased's fellow-labourers offered to take the boy home with them, as he had now no home of his own to go to; but he would listen to none of their solicitations, declaring he would go no where, and stay no where, but beside the dead body of his father. Being at length, however, prevailed upon, he went home with one of the men, and with him remained until after the funeral.

On the day succeeding that event, the men of the quarry where his father had wrought, compassionating the boy's destitute condition, held a consultation together, to see what could be done for him, when four of their number, undeterred from doing a generous thing by their own poverty, agreed to keep him week about until he could be better and more permanently provided for. As under this arrangement the boy remained only for a week at a time with each of these kind-hearted men, and as their limited means would not admit of their extending their good offices to the poor orphan so far as to put him to school, he was allowed to run about idle, his patrons not thinking it worth while to task him with any thing, until they should get him into some regular and settled employment, which they expected from week to week to accomplish. While thus at liberty to ramble about where-ever he chose, James frequently wandered into the town of Kilmarnock, where he soon became known to a number of charitable people, who, feeling for his destitute condition, and aware of the melancholy event which had reduced him to it, showed him much kindness. Amongst those who interested themselves in the poor orphan boy in this way, was a bookseller of the town, a Mr Reid. Standing one day at the door of this worthy man's shop, Jamie saw a hawker or pedlar go in and purchase a quantity of the cheap sheets of popular poetry, known to our ancestors, and perhaps still known, under the general appellation of "ballads." Jamie felt an unusual interest in the proceedings of the hawker. He carefully marked the whole transaction, and in that moment a new idea struck him.

When the man left the shop, the lad sidled up to the counter, and after some hesitation, asked Mr Reid, modestly, how many of these ballads (pointing to a heap that lay on the counter) he gave for a halfpenny? "Two, Jamie, my man, I give two for a halfpenny," replied Mr Reid; "but the man you saw here just now, and others of his trade, get a halfpenny a-piece for them." The boy made no reply, but shortly after disappeared. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, and placing a halfpenny on the counter, said, blushing and smiling as he spoke, "Will ye give me two ballads for *that*, Mr Reid?" "To be sure I will, Jamie, my man," said the latter; "but had you not better purchase a roll with it?" "It's not for the sake of the songs I want them, sir," replied the boy in modest embarrassment; "I mean to try to sell them." "Oh, to sell them, Jamie," said Mr Reid, smiling, "that's a different thing;" and he himself was at this moment struck with an idea that the boy might possibly do a little good for himself in this humble way, and wondered that it had never occurred to him before. He, however, said nothing of this to the lad at the time, but gave him his ballads and took his halfpenny. He gave him no more than the usual number of the sheets, and, as we have said, took Jamie's halfpenny. This Mr Reid did in order that the boy might feel that there was a necessity for strenuous exertion on his own part, and, also, that he might not start in his career with any loose or erroneous notions as to what depended on himself. It would have been a trifling matter to Mr Reid to have given the boy on this occasion a hundred—a thousand ballads instead of two, but he felt that, if he did so, he should have greatly weakened the incentive to industry, and have inspired his young protégé with a disposition of mind, one of the most fatal to success in the world—a reliance on the aid of others.

Having got his ballads, Jamie rushed out of the shop, and in little more than ten minutes came back with a penny, which he also laid on the counter and demanded its value in ballads. "Well done, Jamie!" said Mr Reid, smiling and taking up the penny and putting it into the till. "Now, you are worth a penny; the one half of which is fairly earned, and I give you four ballads, and set to get them disposed of as quickly as you can." Jamie took the ballads, his youthful countenance beaming with happiness and eager delight, and again rushed out of the shop. In about half an hour, or somewhat less, he returned with the proceeds of his industry in the shape of two-pence. These, as in the former cases, he laid upon

Mr Reid's counter, and demanded their value in ballads. "My word, James, but your getting on bravely!" said the worthy bookseller. "If you go on at this rate I should not be surprised to see you riding in your carriage yet—(Jamie grinned across the counter)—now, there's eight ballads for you," continued Mr Reid, counting them out, and handing them over with a smile to his young customer. This new stock of merchandise Jamie also quickly disposed of; for his unfortunate case, as already said, was widely known in the town, and the general feeling of compassion which it had excited, procured him a ready sale for his little wares. From this period, the orphan boy prosecuted day after day, with unflagging zeal and activity, his new calling, for the space of two or three weeks, in which time he had accumulated in clear profit somewhere about thirteen shillings, all of which he left in the hands of his patron. At the expiry of this time, the bookseller perceiving that the energies the boy discovered proceeded from a fixed principle that promised to endure, and not from temporary excitement, thus addressed him one day when he came into his shop for his usual supply of literary ware: "James, my man," he said, "I am afraid you'll have now pretty nearly exhausted the town, and worn out for a time the good feeling of your friends towards you. You must give them a respite, James; what would you think, then, of taking a short stretch into the country, and trying what good you could do there?" James expressed himself pleased with the idea, and said he was perfectly ready and willing to act upon it. "But if you go to the country, James," said Mr Reid, "you must take some bulkier works with you than ballads—I mean, along with them—such as 'John Cheap the Chapman,' 'The Flying Tailor,' 'The King and the Cobbler,' 'The Wise Men of Gotham,' &c. &c." James professed himself exceedingly willing to be guided in this and in all other matters by his patron, and it was fixed that he should start on the following morning for the country. James scarcely slept a wink on the night intervening for thinking of his new enterprise. Next morning he went to Mr Reid's shop, and found a parcel ready made up for him. "Now, James," said his patron, "here is what I think a very suitable assortment for you. The whole comes to sixteen shillings and threepence, thus leaving you three shillings and fourpence in my debt, which you can pay me when you have sold all off. I do not expect you will sell all these in one, two, or three days, nor even in a week, but you must not be disheartened by this. You must persevere, James; perseverance is every thing, and is sure, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to be eventually crowned with success." James promised to display the quality thus recommended, and started off with great alacrity for the country, with his little parcel under his arm. His success on the first day was considerable. He sold four "John Cheaps," five "Flying Tailors," and three "Wise Men of Gotham," besides nearly a score of ballads. On the next day, he did still better, and on the third, better still. During these three days, and indeed for some time after, Jamie always returned home at night, but it was now proposed to him by Mr Reid that he should extend his journeys still farther, and remain wherever night might overtake him, and he could get quarters. To this, as to all other proposals of Mr Reid's, Jamie readily assented, when the former said—"But in this case, James, you must get a small box with straps, for you must take such a stock with you as it would be inconvenient to carry otherwise. Nor must you confine yourself to one description of merchandise. You must take a small assortment of hardware and soft goods with you. I'll get the box made for you at Deacon Thomson's, James," added Mr Reid, "and I'll provide the other goods, selecting such as I think will suit you best."

On the second day after this, James started as a regular packman or pedlar. Oh, what a joyous thing it would have been to see our young hero, with his box buckled to his back, wending his way from the town of Kilmarnock—the world all before him, hope thrilling in his juvenile bosom, and animated with the spirit of genuine independence! And yet how slender were his resources—his whole pack, including the fabric of his box with leather appendages and small brass padlock, not worth twenty shillings. On so small a capital, James could not command a large assortment of articles. His stock consisted of a few claspknives with white bone handles, known in the country at the time as *five-bawbee* knives, that is, they were sold for twopence halfpenny each; a few bone combs, red woollen garters, needles, pins, thimbles, two or three bits of gaudy ribbon, scissors and so forth—all of the cheapest description. Small as the assortment was, it was not amiss for a beginning; and James felt as proud, and probably a great deal happier, than a prince, when he was permitted by the goodwives of the country cottages to expose his wares on the top of one of their chests or plain fir tables.

Fortune smiled on these mercantile pursuits; James was always civilly treated by the farmers and their servants, and so well was he liked, as a modest sensible boy, that he had seldom to pay for either food or lodging. At the gloaming or even-fall, he generally contrived to cast himself in the way of some friendly hearth; his small drop of porridge was never missed, and his bed on a wisp of peas-straw in the barn, cost nothing to his hospitable entertainers. Besides, he

made himself useful by carrying messages or letters from one place to another: he could also be trusted to bring a small parcel of tea or sugar from the nearest town to any lady or farmer's wife, and this was a service for which he was ever duly rewarded by a penny or other small sum. Thus the *packman laddie* rendered himself useful in every possible way, and became a general favourite over a pretty extensive tract of country. Behold him, then, persevering from day to day, week to week, and year to year, in the calling he had adopted! Contemplate his travellings, his anxieties, his efforts—above all, his self-denial! Nothing daunted his energy; of every thing he made, he saved a trifle; he never ceased to accumulate; not however for the base miserly love of money, but for the love of independence. What a glorious object was this! How hard would it have been for him to be unsuccessful! But he was successful. At the end of seven years, James found himself in possession of a clear capital, over and above his stock in trade, of about £.480. This sum was in the hands of his first and best friend, Mr Reid, with whom he always deposited his surplus gains, from time to time, as they accumulated.

Having arrived at this degree of prosperity, James came to the resolution of repairing to Glasgow, and opening a shop there, as a linen and woollen draper. This he accordingly did in the Saltmarket, and soon acquired, by the suavity of his manners, the integrity of his dealings, and the steadiness of his attention to his shop, one of the best businesses in town. Nor did his good fortune end here. At the end of other six years, he became a partner in a great company of Virginia traders, by which connection he finally realised a princely fortune. Mr Reid lived not only to see his protegée, the poor orphan boy, riding in his own carriage, as he had more than half in joke predicted, but to see that carriage shared by his own daughter, whom Mr Melville married soon after his settlement in Glasgow. It will complete this little tale to add, that Mr Melville took a son of each of two of the worthy men who had taken him under their protection after his father's death, into his employment, and was the means of promoting their success in the world. The widow of the third, her husband having previously died, he entirely supported till her death, and to the family of the fourth, he sent yearly presents of great value.

#### THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

Hail to thy hues, thou loveliest flower!  
Still shed around thy soft perfume;  
Still smile amid the wintry hour;  
And boast e'en now a spring-tide bloom.  
Thine is methinks, a pleasant dream,  
Lone lingering in the icy vale,  
Of smiles that half'd the morning beam,  
And sighs more sweet for evening's gale!  
Still are the green leaves whispering  
Low sound to Fancy's ear, that tell  
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing  
Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell!  
In April's bower thy sweets are breathed,  
And June beholds thy blossoms fair;  
In Autumn's chapter thou art wreathed,  
And round December's forehead bare.  
With thee the graceful lily lied,  
As summer breezes waved her head;  
And now the snow-drop at thy side  
Mockly contrasts thy cheerful red.  
'Tis thine to hear each varying voice,  
That marks the seasons sad or gay;  
The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,  
And wintry robin's dearer lay.  
Sweet flower! how happy dost thou seem,  
'Mid marching heat, 'mid nipping frost;  
While gathering beauty from each beam,  
No hue, no grace of thine is lost!  
Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,  
Still smiles, still triumphs o'er despair;  
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,  
And cold Affliction's wintry air.  
Charm, alike in lordly bower,  
And in the hermit's cell she glows;  
The Peacock's and the Lover's flower,  
The bower's Everlasting Rose!

—From a Scrap-book.

#### LEPROSY.

There is near to the walls of Morocco, about the north-west point, a village, called the Village of Lepera. I had a curiosity to visit it; but I was told that any other excursion would be preferable; that the lepers were totally excluded from the rest of mankind; and that, although none of them would dare to approach us, yet the excursion would be not only unsatisfactory but disgusting. I was, however, determined to go; I mounted my horse, and took two horse guards with me, and my own servant. We rode through the leper's town; the inhabitants collected at the doors of their habitations, but did not approach us; they, for the most part, showed no external disfigurement, but were generally sallow. Some of the young women were very handsome: they have, however, a paucity of eyebrow, which it must be allowed, is somewhat incompatible with beauty; some few had no eyebrows at all, which completely destroyed the effect of their dark animated eyes. They are obliged to wear a large straw hat, with a brim about nine inches wide: this is their badge of separation, a token of division between the clean and the unclean, which, when seen in the country or on the road, prevents any one from having personal contact with them. They are allowed to beg, and accordingly are seen by the sides of the roads, with their straw hat badge, and a wooden bowl before them, to receive the charity of passengers, exclaiming "Bestow on me the property of God!" "All belongs to God!" reminding the passenger that he is a steward and accountable for the appropriation of his property; that he derives his property from the bounty and favour of God. When any one gives them money, they pronounce a blessing on him; as "May God increase your good!" &c. The province of Haha abounds in lepers; and it is said that the Argan oil, which is much used in food throughout this picturesque province, promotes this loathsome disease.—Jackson's Morocco.

#### PROMPT ANSWER.

Chateauneuf, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII. when a boy only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, who gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the priest said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is." "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

DR. JOHNSON.

When Dr Johnson courted Mrs Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her that he was of mean extraction; that he had no money; and that he had had an uncle hanged. The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied that she had no more money than himself, and that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. And thus was accomplished this very curious affair.—*The same.*

#### A GOOD REBUKE.

Sir William B. being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," said he to the farmer, "do you know that I have at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked five cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."—*The same.*

#### FOUR FUNNY FELLOWS.

Theo. Cibber, in company with three others made an excursion. Theo, had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a real leg—but the fourth had nothing particular excepting a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post-coach, and while on the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every halting-place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and language cannot express how admirably they all squinted—for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have one leg, and their stamping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship at Dover, each man resumed his character the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter—"Here, you fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth sir?" said the man. "Ay, sir, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second called out—"Here you—take out my eye." "Sir," said the waiter, "your eye?" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog—pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easily as possible." This done, the third cried out—"Here, you rascal—take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before surprised that it was cork, and also conceiving that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken: the fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying with rapturous countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on the table, cried out, in a frightful hollow voice—"Come here, sir—take off my head." Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran mad about the house, as if terrified out of his senses.—*The same.*

#### CLAIMS TO PRECEDENCE.

The wife of a gentleman possessing a high situation in Demerara, in consequence of warmly asserting her claims to precedence in the assemblies at George Town, raised a sort of civil warfare among the ladies, which produced much discord; the fair one's cause and pretensions were seconded by the husband, who waited upon the governor, and stated the etiquette as used in England in these cases. The governor, however, did not coincide in opinion with the judge: an unpleasant correspondence took place; and an appeal was made to Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State to the Colonial Department; and the affair yet remains undecided. But General Elliot, when governor of Gibraltar, pleasantly settled such a female contest, by decreeing that the precedence should be given to seniority: he heard no more of his business, each lady being willing to give way to the other, in politeness and forbearance was the order of the day.—*The same.*

#### A CAPITAL REBUKE.

A French Field Marshal who had attained that rank by our favour, not by valour, going one evening to the Opera, forcibly took possession of the box of a respectable Abbé, who for the outrage brought a suit in a court of honour, established for such cases under the old government. The Abbé thus addressed the court:—"I come not here to complain of Admiral Suffren, who took so many ships in the East Indies; I come not to complain of Count de Grasse, who fought so nobly in the West; I come not to complain of the Duke de Coubertin, who took Minorca; but I come to complain of the Marshal B—, who took my box at the Opera, and never took any thing else." The court paid him the high compliment of refusing his suit, declaring that he had himself inflicted sufficient punishment.—*The same.*

#### HORSES STAGE-COACHES.

A fast coach has or ought to have very nearly a horse to every mile of ground it runs—reckoning one way. Proprietors of coaches have one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day. It may probably surprise some of our readers to be informed of the extent to which individual persons in England embark their capital in what is termed the coaching line. Mr Chaplin, who is the occupier of five yards in London (establishments whence stage-coaches proceed) has no less than thirteen hundred horses at work, in various coaches on various roads; and Messrs Horne and Sherman, the two largest coach-proprietors in London, have about seven hundred each!—*The Chase, the Road, and the Turf.*

#### THE PATRIOT BIRD.

An old maiden lady who was a most determined espouser of the cause of the Pretender, happened to be possessed of a beautiful canary bird, whose vocal powers were the annoyance of one half of the neighbourhood, and the admiration of the other. Lord Peterborough was very solicitous to procure this bird, as a present to a favourite female, who set her heart on being mistress of this little musical wonder; neither his lordship's entreaties nor his bribes could prevail, but so able a negotiator was not to be easily foiled—he took an opportunity of changing the bird, by substituting another in its cage, during some lucky moment when the vigilanze protector was off her guard. The changeling was precisely like the original, except in that particular respect which alone constituted its value, it was a perfect mute, and had no taste for seeds than for songs. Immediately after this maneuver that battle which utterly ruined the hopes of the Pretender took place; a decent interval had elapsed, when his lordship summoned up resolution to call again on the old lady, in order to smother all suspicion of the trick he had played upon her, it was about to affect a great anxiety for the possession of the bird, but she saved him all trouble on this score, by anticipating, she thought, his errand, exclaiming, "Oh, oh, my lord! that you are come again, I presume, to coax me out of my dear little idol, but it is all in vain, he is now dearer to me than ever; I would not part with him for his cage full of gold! Would you believe it, my lord, from the moment that his gracious sovereign was defeated, the sweet little fellow has not uttered a single word!"

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